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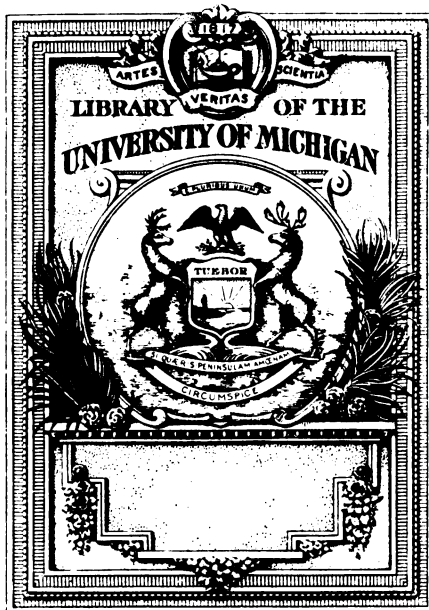
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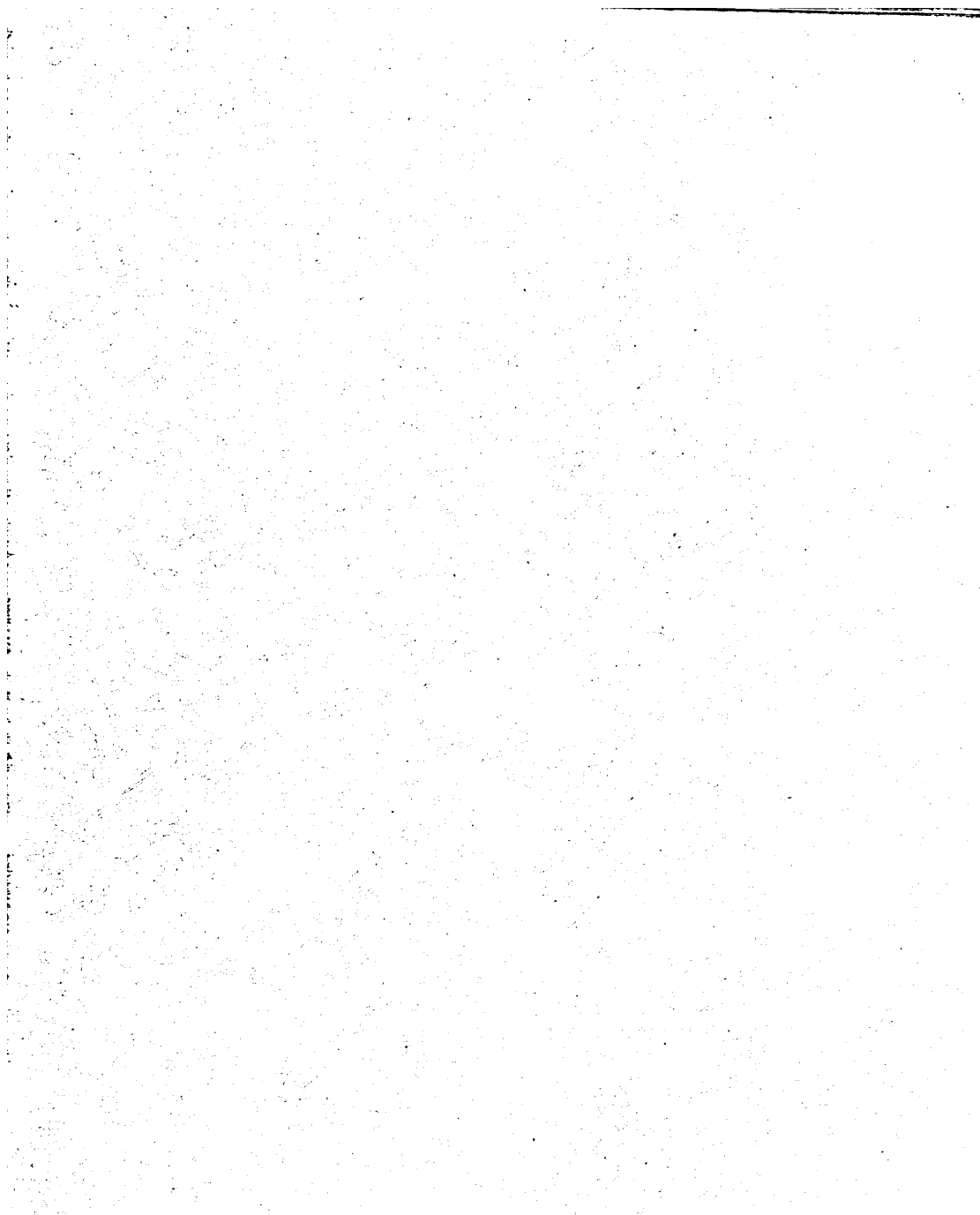
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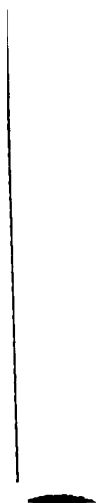
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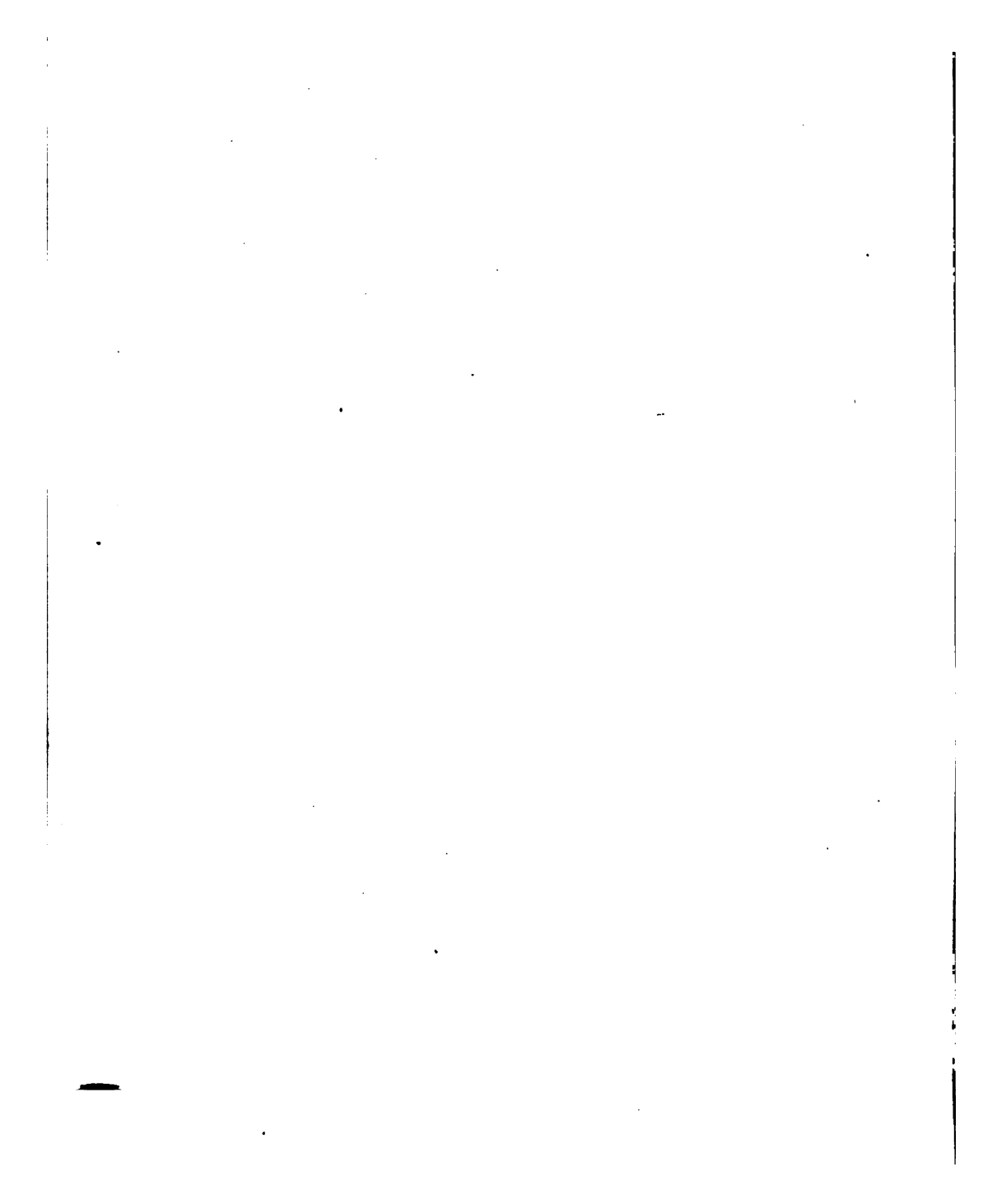


THE GIFT OF
Arthur Graham Hall
Family





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B8848k







"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP"

BY

MISS ELIZABETH (BARRETT) BROWNING

WITH DESIGNS BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW



BOSTON

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"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

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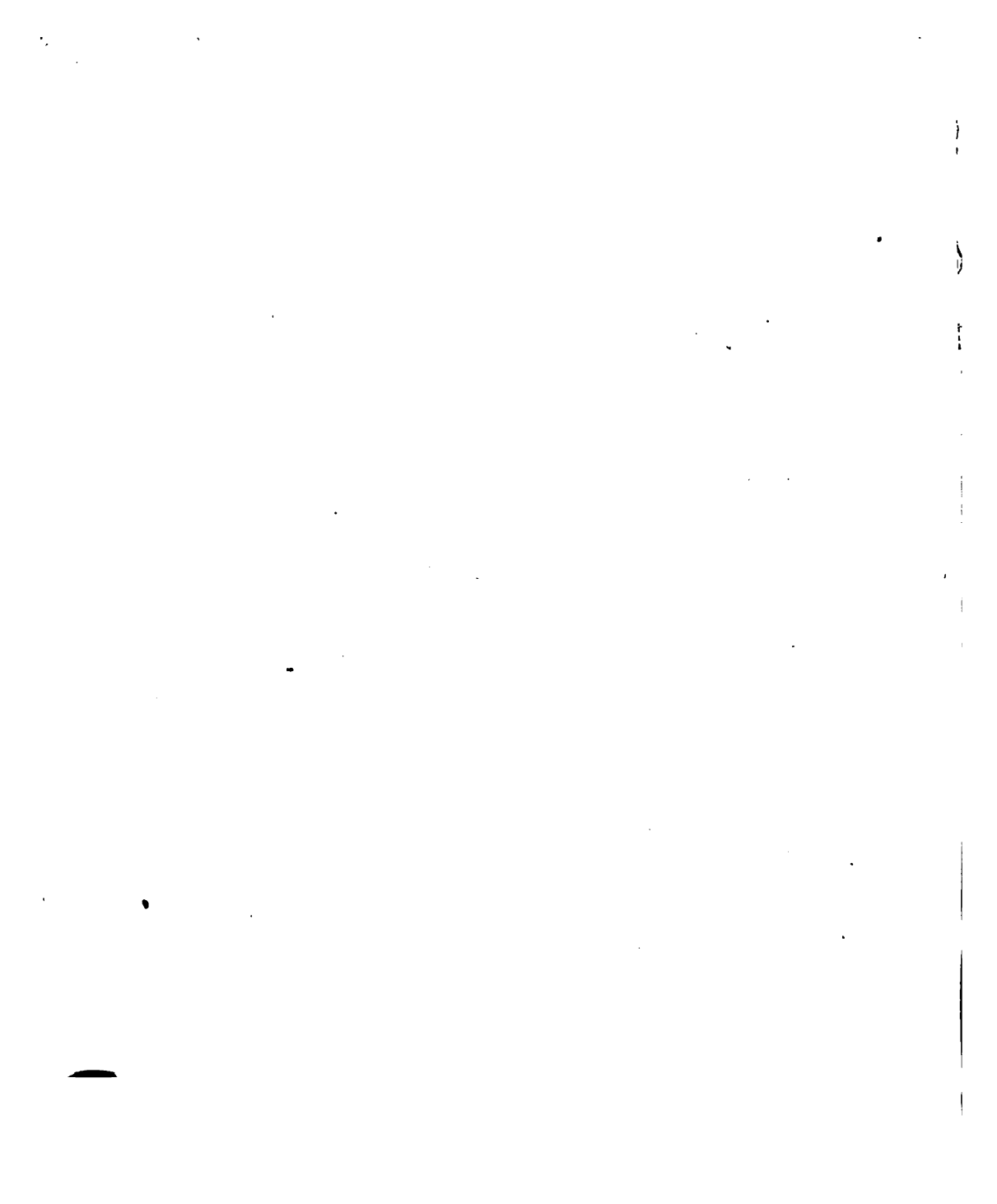
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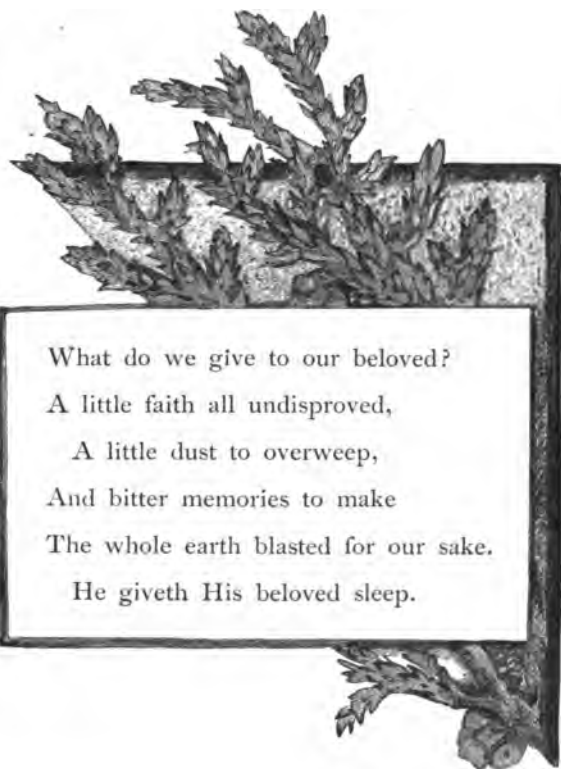


OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
'He giveth His beloved, sleep'!

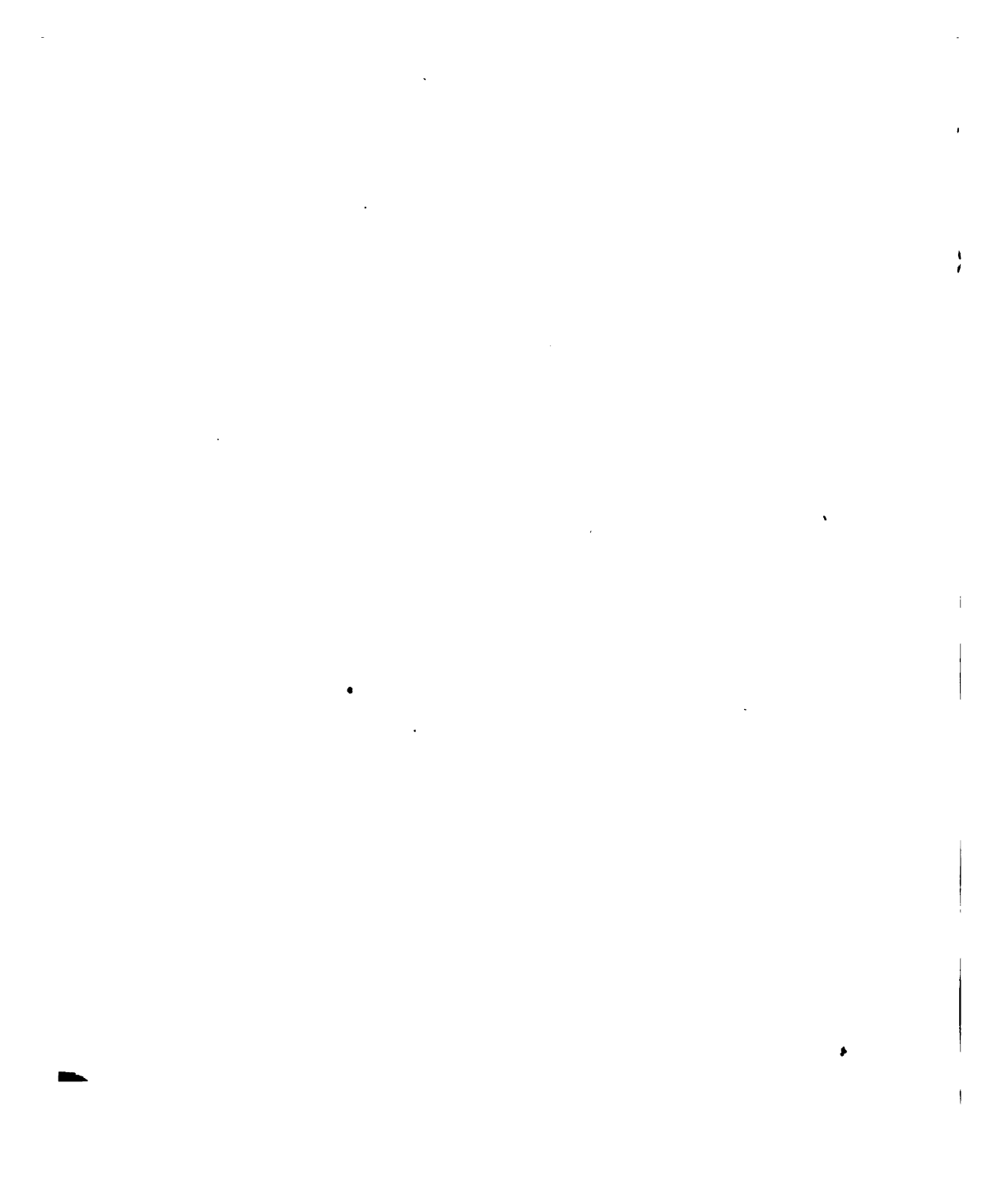
What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the
brows?
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'



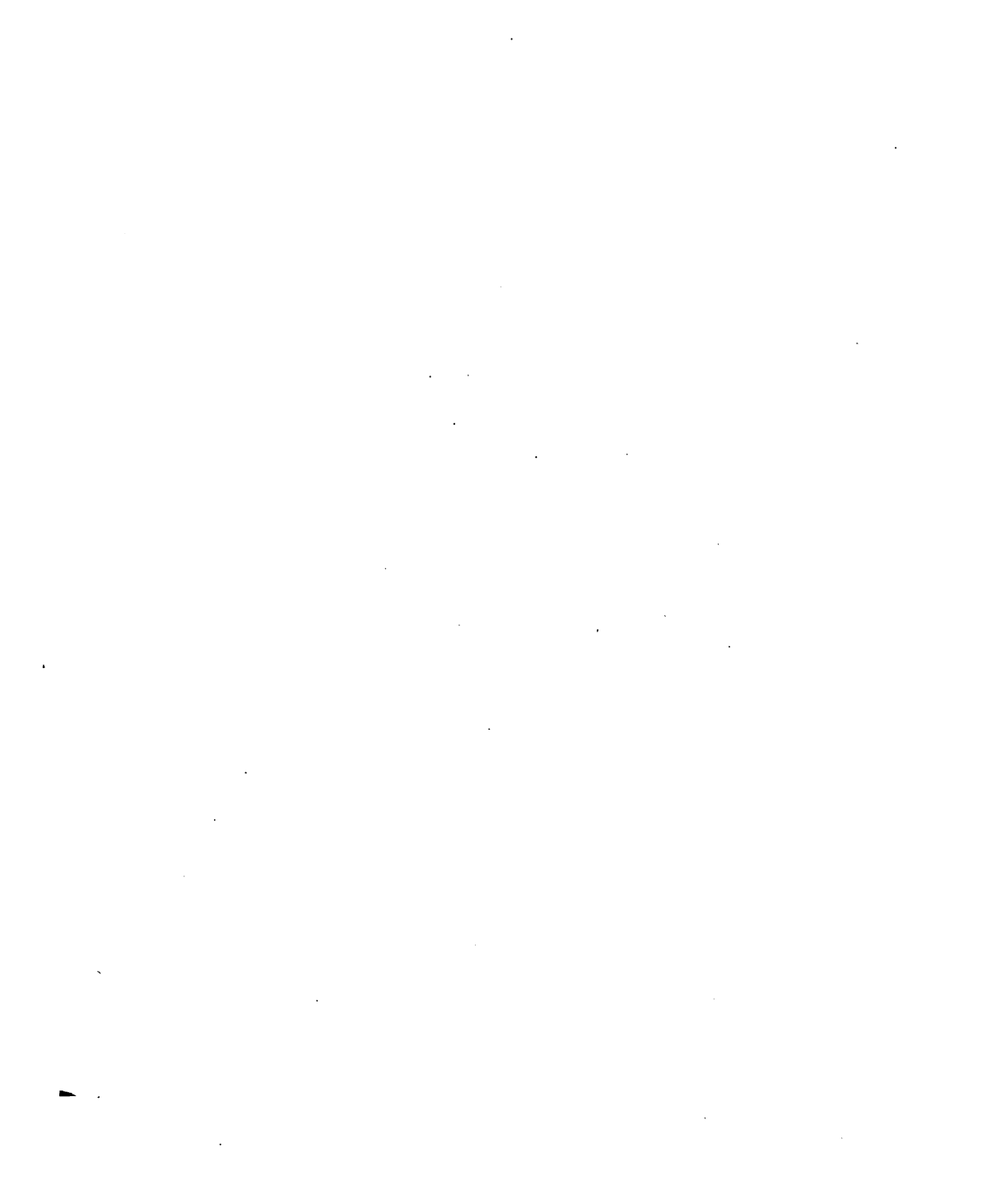




What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His beloved sleep.









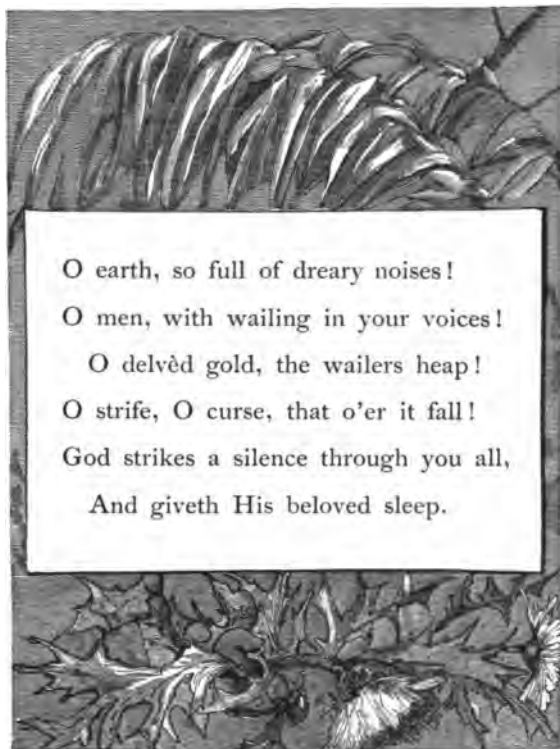
“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids
 creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
 He giveth His beloved sleep.



Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep



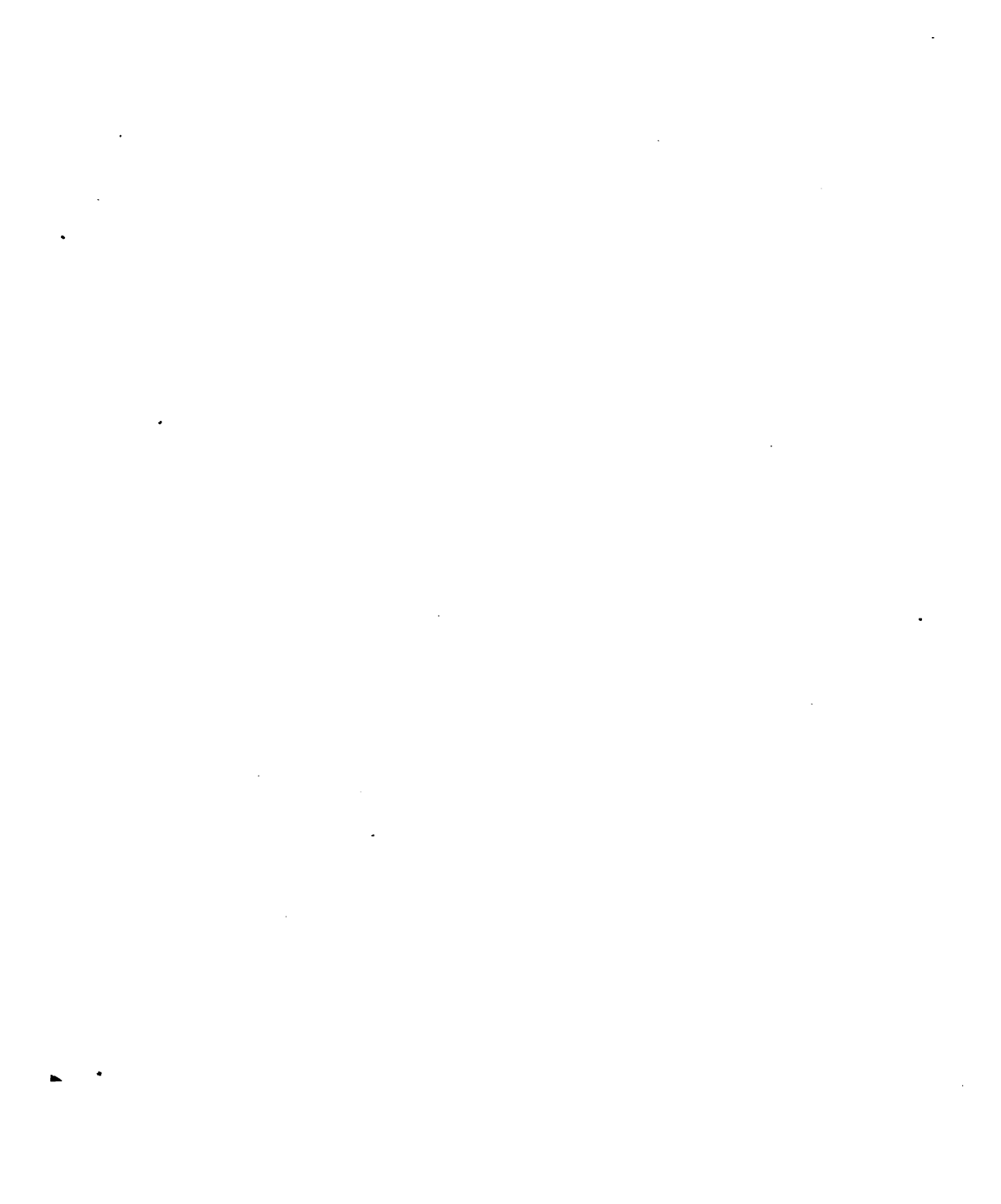
But never saddest dream again
Shall break the happy slumber

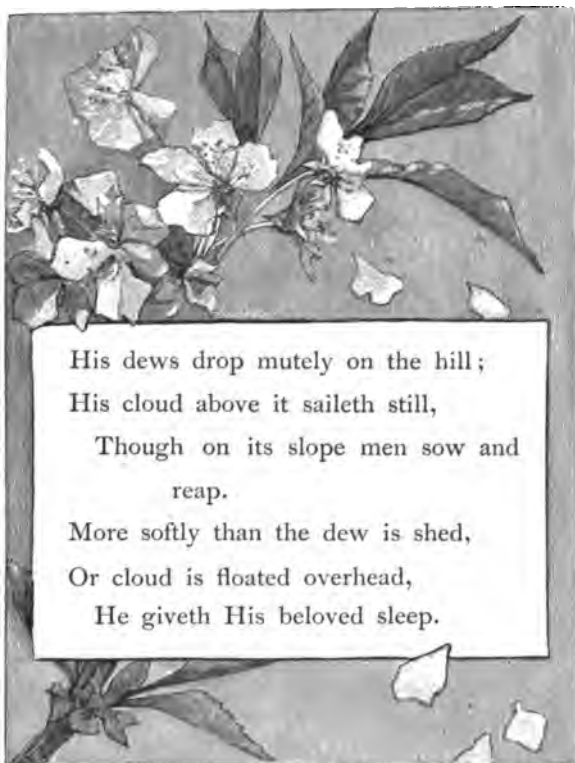


O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

44



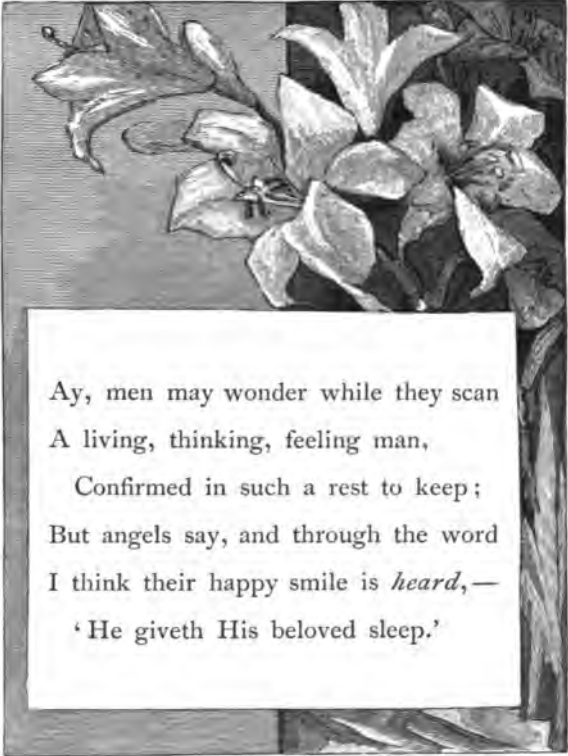




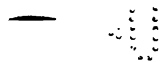
His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and
 reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth His beloved sleep.



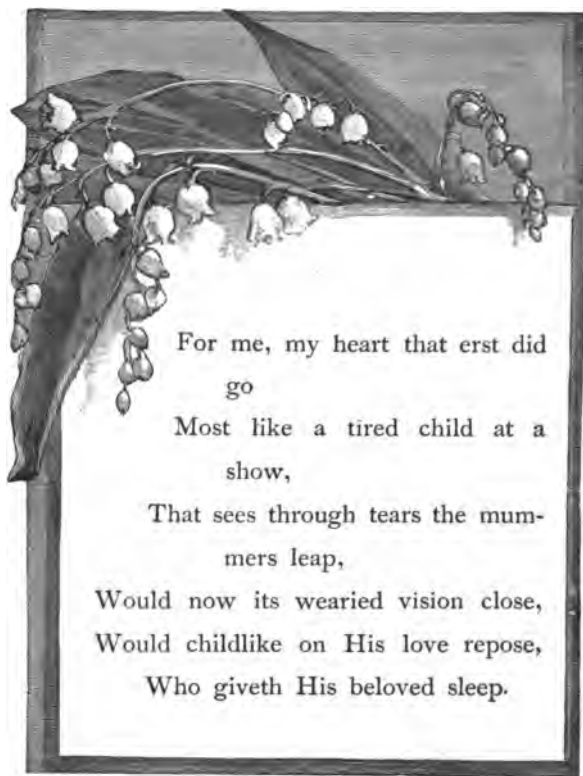
Though on its slope men sow and reap



Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*,—
‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’







For me, my heart that erst did
go

Most like a tired child at a
show,

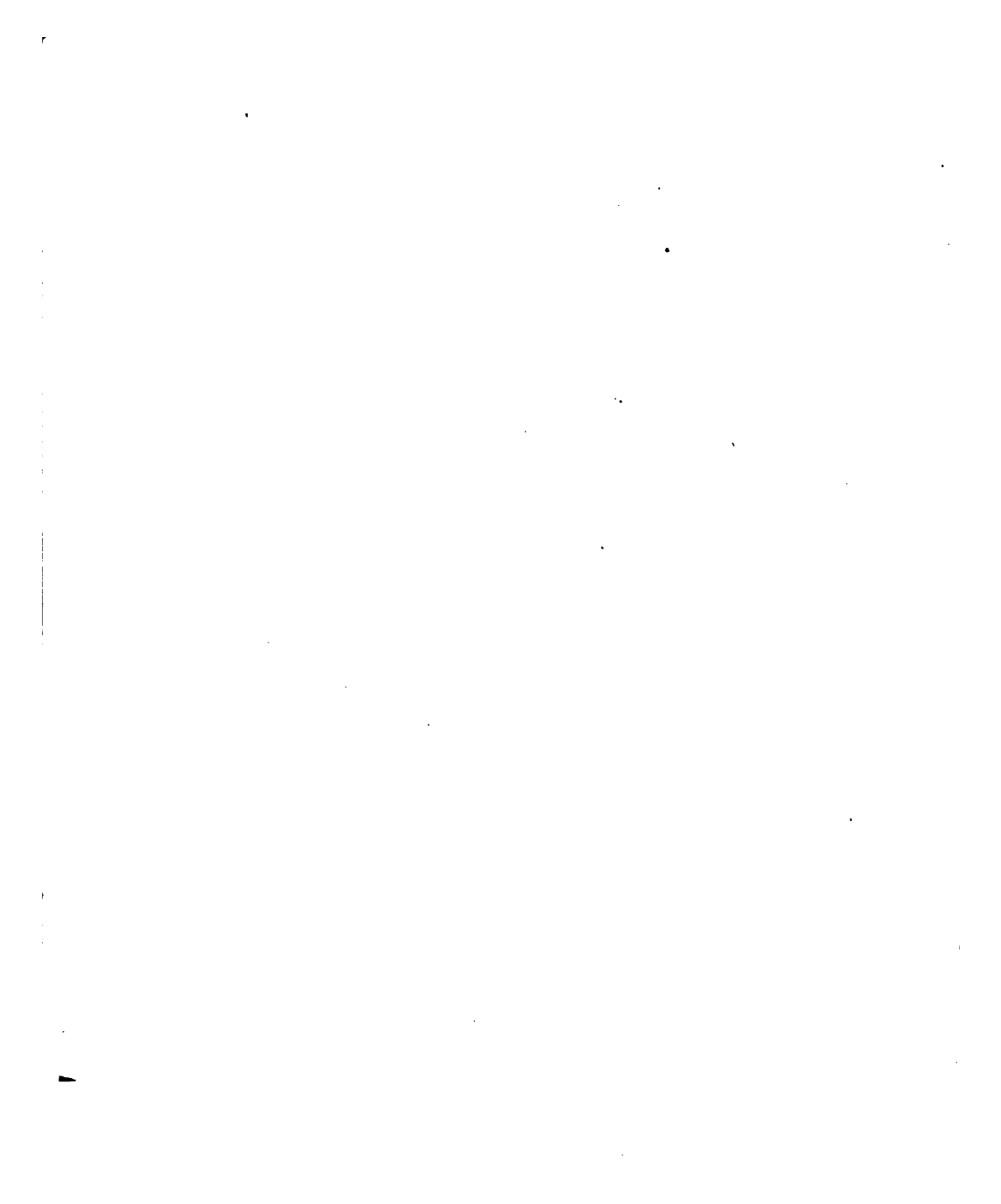
That sees through tears the mum-
mers leap,

Would now its wearied vision close,

Would childlike on His love repose,

Who giveth His beloved sleep.







And, friends, dear friends, — when it
shall be

That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep,

Let one, most loving of you all,

Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall —

‘He giveth His beloved sleep.’ ”